

ULTIMATE

X-MEN

ISSUE

5

KILLING FIELDS

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Andy Kubert

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LONDON

STAN LEE
presents:

THE TOMORROW PEOPLE

PART 5 OF 6

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WHAT'S GOING ON?

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTANTS JUST BOMBED PARLIAMENT AND THE BLOODY M16 BUILDING, MATE.

SPECIAL BRANCH WANTS YOU LOT HANDLING CROWD CONTROL DOWN THE EMBANKMENT ASAP.



COME BACK, IRA. ALL IS FORGIVEN, EH?



PLONKERS.

READY WHEN YOU ARE, CYCLOPS.



WHAT ABOUT
THE WARNING,
QUICKSILVER?

EXCUSE
ME?

WE SAID THEY'D HAVE
FIFTEEN MINUTES TO
EVACUATE THEIR
OFFICES, BUT YOU SET
THOSE BOMBS OFF IN
UNDER THREE, YOU
IDIOT.

YOU FORGET YOU'RE
THE ONLY ONE AROUND
HERE WHO CAN BREAK
THE FREAKIN' SOUND
BARRIER?



DON'T TAKE
IT PERSONALLY,
MY FRIENDS.

I'M SURE HE REALLY
MEANT TO COMPLIMENT
MASTERMIND ON THE
AUTHENTIC DISGUISES AND
CONGRATULATE THE REST
OF US FOR SABOTAGING
BLAIR'S PLAN FOR A
FLEET OF BRITISH
SENTINELS.









THE WHITE HOUSE.





EVERYONE
PRETTY MUCH AGREES
THAT NEGOTIATIONS ARE
THE BEST WAY FORWARD
NOW, BUT THERE'S STILL
ONE, FINAL MISSION
PLANNED FOR BOLIVAR
TRASK'S MACHINES.
I'M AFRAID.

I'M
NOT SURE I
FOLLOW YOU,
SIR.



THE
SAVAGE LAND,
PROFESSOR.

WE FINALLY
UNCOVERED ITS
WHEREABOUTS.




OH MY
GOD.



TO BE HONEST,
WE'D PROBABLY
NEVER HAVE FOUND IT IF
IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE
BLACKBIRD JET OUR
SATELLITES PICKED UP
LANDING IN THE AREA A
COUPLE OF WEEKS
AGO.



IT WAS ONLY ONCE WE
LOOKED A LITTLE CLOSER
THAT WE REALIZED THAT
WHAT SEEMED LIKE A
SCATTERED ROCK
FORMATION WAS ACTUALLY
JUST A COMPLEX,
THREE-DIMENSIONAL
HOLOGRAM.



WAY TO
GO, CYCLOPS.

QUIET,
STORM.

DOES THIS
MEAN YOU'RE
PREPARING AN
ATTACK?



ACTUALLY, I'VE
ALREADY CONSULTED
THE NATO CHIEFS OF
STAFF AND THE DECISION
WAS UNANIMOUS,
PROFESSOR.

THIS
ISLAND IS A REFUGE
FOR A CULT DEDICATED
TO THE DESTRUCTION
OF OUR VERY SPECIES.
IT WOULD BE IRRESPONSIBLE
OF US NOT TO STRIKE
WHILE THIS OPPORTUNITY
PRESENTS
ITSELF.



WHAT'S
GOING ON,
PROFESSOR?

ARE THEY
GOING TO KILL
CYCLOPS?



ONE OF MY
STUDENTS IS ON
THAT ISLAND, MR.
PRESIDENT.

ONLY BECAUSE
HE JOINED A TERRORIST
ORGANIZATION. THIS ISN'T
EXACTLY LITTLE BO PEEP
WE'RE TALKING ABOUT
HERE.



I HOPE
YOU REALIZE THAT
PROVOKING MAGNETO
LIKE THIS THREATENS
THE LIFE OF EVERY MAN,
WOMAN AND CHILD
ON THIS ENTIRE
PLANET?



I'M SORRY,
PROFESSOR.

THAT'S
A CHANCE WE
JUST HAVE TO
TAKE.







YOU LOOK
TROUBLED,
CYCLOPS.



MAYBE
I'M JUST NOT
AS THRILLED ABOUT
KILLING PEOPLE AS
THE GUYS I SHARE A
BATHROOM WITH AT
THE MOMENT,
MAGNETO.

BUT YOU
DIDN'T KILL ANYONE,
SCOTT. QUICKSILVER
ALWAYS DETONATES
THE BOMBES.



I HEAR
HE HOPES
THESE DISPLAYS OF
PUBLIC CRUELTY MIGHT
BRING US CLOSER
TOGETHER, BUT IT'S
QUITE THE REVERSE,
I'M AFRAID.



MAN IS
ALONE AMONG
THE ANIMALS WHEN
IT COMES TO TAKING
PLEASURE IN THE
SUFFERING OF
OTHERS.

HOMO
SUPERIOR
LOVES ALL
LIVING
THINGS.



EVEN
THOSE PEOPLE
BEING SCRAPED OFF
THE WALLS BACK
IN LONDON?



I KNOW
IT'S HARD, SCOTT,
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO
STAND BACK AND LOOK
AT THE BIGGER
PICTURE.

EVEN THE
BEST OF US MUST
DO ABHORRENT THINGS
IN THE PURSUIT OF THE
GREATER GOOD
SOMETIMES.



THIS WORLD IS
MORE THAN FIVE BILLION
YEARS OLD AND YET, IN JUST
TWO HUNDRED YEARS,
HOMO SAPIENS HAS CREATED
AN ENVIRONMENT WHICH
WILL ONLY SUSTAIN US
FOR ANOTHER FEW
DECADES.




THEY
INVENTED
WAR. THEY WRITE
MANUALS ON
TORTURE.

EVERY
LIVING RELATIVE
I HAD IN THE WORLD
WAS EITHER GASED,
SHOT OR ROASTED
ALIVE IN ONE OF
THEIR PERIODIC
GENOCIDES.




THEY'RE A
FUNDAMENTALLY
FLAWED CREATION AND
IT'S OUR DUTY TO
REPLACE THEM AT
THE EARLIEST
OPPORTUNITY.

AS THE MORE
INTELLIGENT SPECIES,
ONE MIGHT EVEN SAY
THAT IT'S OUR MORAL
RESPONSIBILITY.




YOU
REALIZE YOU
SOUND EXACTLY
LIKE ADOLF
HITLER?




ACTUALLY,
HE WAS ONE
OF THEIRS,
SCOTT.


I ONLY
WISH TO TEACH
THEM THE ERROR OF
THEIR WAYS AND, WHERE
NECESSARY, EMPLOY
SOME PIONEERING
NEURO-SURGERY.



I'M NOT
A CRUEL MAN, YOU
UNDERSTAND. IT'S
BEEN YEARS SINCE I'VE
EVEN TASTED FLESH,
HUMAN OR
OTHERWISE.




MY ONLY
REAL AMBITION NOW
IS TO MAKE THIS WORLD
AS BEAUTIFUL AND PERFECT
AS MY LITTLE, PRIVATE JUNGLE
AND RAISE FIT, PRECOCIOUS
GRANDCHILDREN WHO MIGHT
BREATHE UNPOLLUTED
AIR.



I'M NEVER
GOING TO
KILL FOR YOU,
MAGNETO.



NOR WOULD I ASK YOU TO, CYCLOPS.
OUR PERFECT WORLD WILL BE HERE SOON ENOUGH.




INCIDENTALLY, ARE YOU COMING TO THE SCARLET WITCH'S POETRY RECITAL IN THE DREAM ROOM TONIGHT?

I GUESS. BUT WHAT'S THIS EPSILON-OMEGA SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE READING IN? SOME KIND OF LANGUAGE?


ACTUALLY, IT'S THE MUTANT ALPHABET I WANT EVERYONE HERE USING AFTER SUMMER SOLSTICE.

SHE FINDS YOU VERY ATTRACTIVE, YOU KNOW. SHE TOLD ME SHE'S THINKING OF SEDUCING YOU AFTERWARDS.



OH, AND CYCLOPS?

YEAH?



THIS MIGHT SOUND LIKE AN UNUSUAL REQUEST, BUT IF QUICKSILVER IS AROUND TONIGHT--

-- WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR AND ADDRESS ME AS FATHER WHEN WE'RE STANDING IN HIS PRESENCE?















THE REST OF THE WORLD WILL SOON FALL INTO LINE WHEN THEY SEE ME DANCING ON THE ASHES OF A PRESIDENT.



IT'S STARTED, HASN'T IT?

THE WAR XAVIER ALWAYS TRIED TO PREVENT.

AND THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP IT NOW, CYCLOPS. EVEN IF WE WANTED TO, WE CAN'T STOP DAD.



LET EVOLUTION TAKE ITS COURSE, MY FRIEND. I KNOW IT'S HARD, BUT WHAT COMES NEXT IS ALMOST CERTAINLY FOR THE BEST.



DROP DEAD, DIRTYBAG.

A comic book panel featuring Cyclops as the central figure. He is shown from the chest up, wearing his iconic gold visor which has a glowing red horizontal slit. His brown hair is wild and blowing in the wind. He is wearing a dark blue jacket. His face is partially obscured by the visor, but his eyes are visible through the red slit. He has a serious, determined expression. To his left, a woman with long dark hair and a purple headband (Jean Grey) looks on with a concerned expression. To his right, a man with blonde hair (Scott Summers) also looks on. The background is a dark blue sky with bright white lightning bolts. A speech bubble from Cyclops is at the top left. The text 'TO BE CONCLUDED!' is at the bottom right.

PROFESSOR X,
THIS IS
CYCLOPS --
-- WE'VE
GOT A SITUATION
HERE, SIR.

TO BE CONCLUDED!

